

Widow are ye wakening.

Violin

Slow

O wha's that at my chamber door? Fair Wi - dow are ye

6 5 3 3 6

wa - - king? Auld Carl your fuit give o'er Your loves a in taw -

6 6 7 6 5 6 5 3 3 6 6 4 3

- - - king. Gie me a lad that's young and tight, Sweet lik an April

6 5 3 6 3 6 3

meadow; 'Tis fickle as he can blest the fight, And ho'om of a Widow.

5 3 4 b 6 6 5 6 5 3 3 6 5

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING ?

O! wha's that at my chamber door ?

“ Fair widow are ye waking ?”

Auld carle, your suit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in tawking ;

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an April meadow ;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight

And bosom of a widow !

“ O! widow, wilt thou let me in ?

“ I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty ;

“ And come of a right gentle kin,

“ I'm little mair than fifty.”

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be—but troth

In love ye're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let those guineas speak,

“ That powerfully plead 'clinkan ;

“ And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they mak you young, fir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your tongue, fir.